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COWLEY



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A Quarterly Magazine
of Subjects Missionary and Religious



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(Photo. F. S. Lincoln)

SHRINE OF OUR LADY AND BAPTISTRY
CHURCH OF ST MARY THE VIRGIN, NEW YORK

Cowley

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

of Subjects Missionary and Religious

*Published by the American Congregation of the
Society of St John the Evangelist*

Vol. VIII Christmas, 1935 No. 32

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Youth and the Church*

IT has been said that more flies can be caught with honey than with vinegar. So far as I know, this statement has not been subjected to rigorous scientific testing; but this much is sure—the object of employing vinegar or honey is ultimately to secure dead flies. When we examine some of the methods used to beguile the youth of the nation into the Church of God, we may suspect that whatever success attends them, they result in a flock of dead youths—dead mentally to the need for accurate knowledge about the Church and her doctrines; dead spiritually to the demand for sustained prayer and sacramental practice; dead morally to the claims of a supernatural ethic which will produce a righteousness above that of the scribes and Pharisees. Vinegar and honey have been tried. Parental coercion; compulsory school and college chapel; fight talks to freshmen by the occasional football hero who takes religion seriously, or solemn quotations from scientists who are content to postulate a super-mind with mathematical leanings operating distantly in the universe. These may be termed the vinegar methods.

The honeyed techniques are more easily recognizable. They include popular spellbinders who toss phrases about with a disarming facility; Church socials of every conceivable variety, with basketball or dramatics tagged on for bait; societies and guilds galore, complete with pins, pamphlets, and ritual.

With all this earnest effort a goodly number of our youth are persuaded into becoming Churchmen. The misery of it is that when you look at them a few years later, you discover that they have become dead Churchmen. This is a painful surprise, yet not a rare one. Let us be honest enough to admit it. And now, let us turn to consider first, the obstacles that the Church faces in its attempt to get live youths to become live Churchmen; and second, to weigh the possible advantages of one or two new approaches to the problem.

* An address delivered before the New York Clergy Conference at Lake Mahopac, N. Y., on October 16, 1935.

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The greater part of this paper must be spent in an analysis of the obstacles which tend to block the missionary efforts of the Church. Only when these obstacles have been correctly defined and appreciated, can we lay down the lines for an effective campaign. The nature of the obstacles must govern the slant of our apologetic, and must form the background against which we may build up a more adequate technique for Christianizing the youth of our modern world.

For the sake of clarity, let us consider first those difficulties faced by the Church which are inherent in the social pattern of our times; and second, those difficulties for which we are primarily responsible, because they occur within the Church itself and represent our corporate failure to give visible expression to the ideals of the Kingdom of God.

The first obstacle to the missionary effort of the Church needs only a bare statement. The young man growing up in our midst is faced with a divided Christendom, each part of it clamouring for his allegiance, and making a more or less exclusive claim to certain knowledge in matters of divine truth. Roman Catholics, Anglo-Catholics, Baptists, Presbyterians, Mormons, Spiritualists, Christian Scientists, Groupists, and the Disciples of Unity—what a confusion of tongues he is faced with! How excusable it is if the young man turns sceptic and says, in effect: "They can't all be right, yet each claims to be. It is therefore highly probable that they are all wrong." Thus he goes on his way rejoicing, until some calamity shatters his workaday philosophy and leaves him broken and speechless, perhaps bitter, before the mystery of an unknown God. This kaleidoscope of Christian sects is a fact we can't avoid, nor can we alter it by passing resolutions. But we can weigh it and allow for it.

Next—the secularization of education. Obviously, the curriculum of our public schools is based squarely on a materialistic philosophy, tinged with a faint idealism in terms of good citizenship. The existence of God is ignored, and His negligible importance, if He exists at all, is taken for granted. Six days a week our children are steeped in an unreligious atmosphere,

where success in life is presented to them in material terms of wealth or power or luxury. Sunday school and a sermon on the seventh day cannot possibly redress the balance. Parochial schools do not seem practicable at present. The private Church schools offer a hope to the favored few who can attend them; but I think you will agree that up till now their product has been spiritually disappointing. There remains the possible influence of really Christian families. If only our children could once in a while catch their parents on their knees, saying their prayers, and occasionally hear God mentioned at the supper table in ordinary conversation!

The last obstacle we have time to mention to be found in the general social set-up is a more subtle one. It arises most unfairly out of the very success of the Christian mission to the world and emphasizes the curious paradox that the greatest barrier to the conversion of the world is the fact that it is already half converted. Christian schools, Christian hospitals, Christian charity, Christian honour have in principle been accepted by a pagan world. The Sermon on the Mount is taken for granted as of obligation, however feebly it is practised. Social service, community welfare, organized relief, commercial credit—all rest squarely on the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, but their good works are done in the name of man and not in the name of God. So you have good deeds done from an imperfect motive, with no supernatural power to direct and sustain them. The result is that our young men and women will tell you that they don't have to become Christians in order to be generous, high-minded, clean-living, and sensitive to their social obligations. They cannot foresee the inevitable failure of a mere humanitarianism, in which man becomes an end in himself rather than an instrument in God's hands for the bringing in of His Kingdom and the accomplishment of His purpose.

Let me give you an example. Last spring I was talking with one of the officers of a prominent club in Harvard University. He was a graduate of a Church school, where he had practised his religion pretty faithfully, but he had dropped it all on coming to college. The family background was no

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help. In talking with him, I asked him how many men in the club, all of whom he knew intimately, had any active religion whatever. I put it in its lowest terms. "How many of them say their prayers, even once in a while, or ever go voluntarily to a Church service?" He thought for some time, running over the list of his clubmates, and said at last, "Honestly, Father, I can't think of a single one." Yet I am positive that this group of young men represent a high average of intelligence, morality, generosity, and attractive decency. They are going out into the world, where they will do a number of good things for entirely inadequate motives, with no spiritual equipment to meet life's tragedies, and with an idea that the Church is an out-of-date organization concerned with sermons and hymn-singing.

Turn now to the obstacles within the Church itself which tend to make dead Churchmen out of the live youths who in one way or another have joined our ranks. If all this seem to be destructive criticism, I ask your indulgence, and point again to the necessity for accurate diagnosis before we tackle the question of therapeutic methods.

First, then, the diversity of Churchmanship—high, low, broad, modernistic, Anglo-Catholic, and the rest. We can't help that, if we have any regard for truth and are not simply pragmatists or subjectivists. The root of these differences is historical, and their gradual disappearance will some day be a matter of history. Some of us believe that the Anglican Church will recapture her Catholic heritage; others believe that a liberal and dynamic Protestantism will sweep away encrusted error and superstition; still others hope for an individualistic liberty of thought, tinged with a corporate reverence for time-honoured forms. We are sure, at least, that God will guide His Church into the truth, and that she will prevail against the floods of time and the gates of hell.

We cannot, then, avoid in this generation the conflict of different points of view represented by the various groups within the Church; but we can and must overcome the lack of charity and trust and tolerance which is only too often manifest among

both clergy and laity. It is just because truth itself is involved in our differences that charity is so difficult. But for this very reason the obligation of charity is paramount. Again and again we must check the easy sneer, the flippant remark that ridicules another's sincere convictions, the mean imputation of insincerity to one who feels in conscience bound to contend for a theology we cannot approve. If we of the clergy were scrupulous in giving all honour to our brother clergy who differ profoundly from us in their concept of the Church, we should not lose the respect of so many young people who are at times repulsed by our display of animus.

Next, is it not true that we have largely failed to give definite, direct help to our young men and women in moral and spiritual problems? Church services and sermons and social affairs are not enough. We are not getting the gospel into action in any young person's life, until we know that person inside out—his perplexities about prayer, his moral problems, his doubts about the vocation God wants him to pursue, and all the rest of it. Whether in the confessional, or in the rector's study, or out in a boat fishing, or on the golf links, we must gain their confidence, so that they will tell us things they probably won't tell their parents, and we must win their respect so that they will act on our advice. Of course, that is only half the battle—the other half is to lead them to our Lord and fix their loyalty so strongly there that we can gradually withdraw from the picture and leave them in His hands.

Now for the last obstacle—to my mind, the most important of the lot. And this one, again, is our own fault. I mean the abysmal ignorance of elementary doctrines on the part of most of our young people.

A few months ago, I was invited to speak at a Young Peoples' Fellowship, and I tried the experiment of asking questions for the first fifteen minutes to see what they knew of Christian fundamentals. First, I asked about Jesus Christ. "Who was He?" A long silence; then someone said, "A prophet," and a girl said, "The Son of God." "You read that in the Bible," I countered, "What do you mean by that

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definition?" Silence again, but another girl took up the challenge. "Well, He was a very good man." "Where was He born?" "Bethlehem." "Right. Where was He before He was born?" That floored them. At last one said, "He wasn't anywhere. God saw the world was very bad, so He created Christ to show us how to be good." That answer aroused no comment.

I turned to another field. "What is a man, a human being?" Again silence, till a young man of twenty answered with considerable assurance, "Man is an animal with super-intelligence." That seemed to satisfy them, but I pressed for more. Someone mentioned a soul. "What is a soul?" I asked. "The part of you that goes on living when you're dead." "Well, you're not dead yet," I replied, "What good is your soul doing you now?" Complete silence for a minute or more.

This was an average Young Peoples' Fellowship in a flourishing parish. The ages ran from seventeen to twenty-two; boys and girls about equally mixed. Most of them were high-school graduates, probably all of them had been several years to Sunday school and they were regular at Church. Moreover, I am afraid most of you can duplicate that experience if you try those questions or similar ones on your own young people.

Now for the positive side—what we can do to overcome these obstacles, those in the world, and those within the Church, so as to train a group of live young Christians who can furnish Christian leadership for the next generation? I have two very modest suggestions to make.

First, we can insist that in our Sunday Schools, our instructions, our sermons, the elementary dogmas of the Christian Faith are presented again and again, persuasively, clearly, authoritatively. There is no question of Churchmanship here. We all agree that the Blessed Trinity, Three Persons in One God, is the sum of reality, to be adored and worshipped; that the eternal Word, the second Person of the Trinity, became Man for our salvation; that by His atoning death on Calvary penitent sinners have the assurance of pardon; that by His

glorious resurrection and ascension we can become victorious over evil, sin, and death; that because Jesus Christ is God, His earthly life is our example, and His word our law; that power comes to us through prayer and through the worthy reception of sacraments in His Mystical Body, the Church. We must get our young people to know these things, to understand them, to believe them with a conviction based on spiritual experience, to practise them so persistently in daily life that they cannot help sharing with others the joy and power that they have found for themselves.

That leads me to the second suggestion. Can we not form, in every parish, a small group of young men and women who will undertake to train themselves for work as lay missionaries? A very few—perhaps three or four at first—not another organization, not a guild or a league or a club—but a few young friends meeting every week with the rector for intensive training fitting them for the lay apostolate. There would be thorough intellectual work to be done; what does the Church teach about God? about man? about morals? about prayer? Why does she teach these things, some of them hard to grasp and understand? How can I meet the objections of my friends who don't believe any of it? How can I convince them that it is worth trying?

Then, discipline. A rule of life, with its chief emphasis on prayer, and discussion of difficulties and failures. A bit of ascetical theology—how you cultivate virtues you haven't got, and make some headway against habits of sin.

Then, worship. Regular communions, and how to make better ones. The secret that worship is "giving" rather than "getting," and real instruction in the technique of offering ourselves to God.

Then, quiet missionary efforts—one person at a time, to begin with; later, perhaps, a short address to a young people's organization on some fundamental doctrine. Who can foresee what might not be the influence in five years of even five young men and women adequately trained to present the claims of

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Christ and the Church with intelligence, sincerity, and a sense of proportion, not omitting a saving sense of humour?

Our young people are not cowards. Nor do they want to be flattered and cajoled. They want a job to do that is serious and important; they want the joy that comes from knowing Christ and bringing others to know Him. They look to us to provide the training, to answer their questions accurately and persuasively so that they can give an intelligent answer when their own faith is questioned. Most challengingly of all, they expect us to demonstrate the fruits of Christian experience—to prove to them by our lives that what the Church teaches in doctrine, in spirituality, in morals can definitely produce a character which bears the stamp of the supernatural and the likeness of Christ Jesus. God grant we may not fail them!

W. M. V. HOFFMAN, JR., S.S.J.E.

My Voyage to America

BY A MISSION PRIEST

(Continued)

ON the second evening after leaving Queenstown, not having heard from the captain any answer to my note requesting leave to visit the steerage passengers, a message was brought to me that he was ill and not able to see anyone, so I sent another note by his own boy, saying, that unless he forbade my going among them I should consider permission granted me, and this evening I went down.

At the bottom of the ladder was a group of men listening to a man talking socialism, and telling vile stories in a vile atmosphere and in almost complete darkness. He had just finished one story which was too filthy to repeat, and the men laughed that horrible laugh of the man who laughs and is ashamed. When I called out, "I think I can tell you a better story than that," all eyes were turned to see who spoke, and one man said, "It's the parson who got us the 'baccy."

Then I began my story:

Two fellows were traveling as agents for fireproof safes. One was agent for Milner, in London, and the other for Marvin, in Philadelphia, and each wanted to persuade a third man, from New York, to buy one of his safes.

"Now," said Milner's man, "just to show you how fire-proof our safes are, I'll give you an instance. I had an uncle who had a house in Chicago, and you remember the great fire they had there. Well, my uncle had one of our safes, and before the fire began he put a chicken inside; well you know the fire was burning for days, and his house was burned down with the rest. After the fire was all over they came to look for the safe, and at last they found it, and dragged it out of the burning cinders and he opened the door, and what do you think he found?"

"Well, I suppose," said the stranger, "that he found the chicken roasted." "Not a bit of it," said Milner's agent; "the chicken walked out alive as if nothing had happened."

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("Oh! that's a good un," said one of the steerage passengers. "Well," I said, "I am not saying this story is a true one, but let me go on.")

As soon as Milner's agent had finished, Marvin's began. "Now it is a very curious coincidence, but I had an uncle who had a house in Chicago, and he had one of Marvin's safes, and the fire was burning, as my friend says, for days, and strangely enough before the fire began he too had put a chicken inside his safe. When the fire was over and they came to look for the safe they found it right under the hot burning cinders, and after some trouble in finding the key they opened the door, and what do you think they found?" "Oh," said Milner's agent, "I suppose that your chicken walked out alive." "Not a bit of it," said Marvin's man, "there it was all *frozen* up in one corner."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the men, and then there was a pause. "Can't someone sing a song?" said I. "Oh," said one, "I don't know anything but a Moody and Sankey." "Then," said I, "let's have a Moody and Sankey," and they all sang lustily *Only an armour bearer*. This just gave the right turn to things, and the men listened to me as I told them that I hoped that we would all have a good voyage together, and if there was anything I could do for them I should only be too happy. "Come down again! come down again!" they cried as I crept up the ladder. There was no one more happy than I to get back to my stateroom and thank God for having let me be useful to all those poor men in giving them something better to think and to speak of than sin.

We had a less stormy night, and if my next door neighbor had not come in "drunk and disorderly" it would have been possible to sleep. They were a most noisy set, and would not sleep or let others sleep.

Next morning, as I was walking on deck, the chief officer came and joined me in my walk. He began the conversation in a general way, asking after my comfort, etc. Suddenly he stopped and said: "Excuse me, sir, but you are a priest of the Church of England, I think." "Certainly," I replied, "my dress might have told you that—didn't you know that it is not

lawful for any but an English priest to wear his robes on an English ship." "Oh! indeed, sir," he said, "I was not aware of that; well, the captain says, sir, that he hopes that you will visit the steerage as you think proper, and will take the service in the saloon on Sunday. Good morning, sir"—and with a respectful salute, the chief officer departed.

It was much more pleasant now to have full authority to visit my "parish," as the saloon passengers began to call the steerage. They began, too, to bring me papers and books for my poor friends and the children. My stateroom was soon filled with illustrated papers and novels. Some of the novels were too bad for reading, and I gave them to the fishes.

On going among my poor friends, they told me that a man had died in the night from delirium tremens, and that he was to be buried that afternoon. His brother was on board with him and, naturally, was very much shocked. He was an Irish Protestant and was afraid that I should try to give his brother Catholic burial and so requested that there might be no ritualism over the dead body. He seemed relieved when I told him that I would much rather not bury his brother and that the doctor would probably perform the service.

The children came up to look for me, as I had promised to have school for them and give them picture lessons. We had about an hour's school down below, and then I was obliged to come up to breathe.

About two o'clock the bell tolled, and the passengers all came to watch the burial at sea. The body was brought up by the sailors, in a coffin wrapped in a flag for a pall, and placed upon a slanting board. The doctor read the burial service from the Prayer Book, and at the words of committal the board was raised by the sailors and the body slid off into the sea. It was a very sad funeral, as all those present knew of the reason of his death, and there was very little hope, but still the feeling came from the Father of all, which prompted many there to pray, "May God have mercy on his soul." One could not help thinking that no one ever dies but by God's mercy, and at the best time. Either he is as good as he can be in this world, or

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he is so bad that living longer would only make him worse, and his eternity worse for himself and others. If a man can be made good, God will not let him go. If there be any grace in a dying man, God will not let it be lost.

For a time everyone was quiet on board, and more inclined to think than speak, but as the waves had covered our poor brother, and our progress had left him in the distance, so our thoughts carried us onward.

Soon after the funeral the wind changed, and it became bitterly cold. No one could stay on deck. As the wind fell, a snow-storm arose, and the ship was soon a beautiful sight. One pure white sheet covered everything except the great funnels. Long icicles hung from the upper deck, and the ship looked like an Arctic vessel, but not upon an Arctic ocean. The waves rose high, and the ship moved grandly down into the valleys of water and then up into the heights of the next tremendous mountain wave. As night came on, our ship must have looked from a distance like a weird, restless ghost, for we were covered with a foot thick covering of snow.

Not many persons on board seemed able to enter into the beauty of the scene, and there were few that night at dinner. The French pastor came to our table, but looked very miserable. The Presbyterian minister's wife came also, and did not quite seem to approve of the friendship which her husband had made with me. The barrister did not come to dinner as he was tired out with the motion of the ship.

It was now time for me to go to my "parish"—and certainly the distance was short, but time and space cannot always be measured in an ordinary way at sea. Never did twenty-two yards seem so long to me as those between the saloon passengers and the steerage.

I began to walk, then found myself on my back. The ship lurched, and I rolled. The ship rolled and pitched me against the side. Once I was nearly overboard. Then I crawled on "all fours"; and, finally, after a struggle of half an hour with snow and slush and wind, I reached the steerage entrance. It took me a little time to make myself presentable to my congre-

gation, but there was not light enough for them to see my defects. Two or three dismal lamps hung from the long low ceiling; and, as I stood at one end, I could see to read only by holding the book close to the lamp. The white faces of the men loomed away in the distance, and the women sat on benches in front; but in spite of all difficulties we sang *Rock of Ages* very heartily. All seemed to know the old hymns, and we sang two or three without books, and had a short sermon between each and a few prayers at the end.

When it was all over I asked them if they would like to have it every night, and the meeting was unanimous. The vote was given in a curious way: "Aye, that's it, come down every night! See ye come down every night!"

How different it seemed at the other end of the ship. Instead of the dismal visible darkness there was the richly furnished and lighted saloon. There was noise and gaiety and grumbling. A thought-reader was talking loud to amuse the passengers, and a man close to me whispered, "It's a good thing he can read other people's thoughts, for he does not seem to have any of his own." The silliness and noise of this man was very unpleasant to the sensible people on the ship. As I went downstairs, the young barrister introduced me to Mr P. R., an author of several books of travel. We had a most pleasant conversation. He had been in India, China, Australia, Norway, Russia, Spain and Italy, and now was going to study America. He was writing a book during the voyage, which has since been published. A ship is a good place for the study of character. People soon betray themselves and show what they are, however artificial or painted they may be at the beginning of the journey. There is always a noisy man and a quiet man, a drinking man, a betting man, a generous man and a mean man, an affected man, a curious man; and on every ship there are a few sensible and a few gentle men. There is the man who goes across every summer and the man who is going for the first time. A large steamship is like a world. There is a place in it for all sorts of people, and the sorts soon drop into their own places.

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In the meantime most curious mistakes are sometimes made, as may be known by the following conversation. Mrs A: "Who is that homely looking fat lady that looks like a nice old housekeeper?" Mr B: "That is Lady Helen Troubadour." Mrs A: "Indeed! Who is that awful swell with the eye-glasses?" Mr B: "That man? Hem! Well, that man is G., the notorious swindler." Mrs A: "You don't say so! I hear that Lord F. is on board; can you point him out to me?" Mr B: "No, I asked a man I know on board, and he told me he thought it was that dark man there, but that is R., the Jew tailor, in B. Street." Mrs A: "Do you see those two fellows over there? Well, someone told me that one of them was Lord F., but I can't for my life tell which."

O vanity of vanities! How little can titles and distinctions be told by appearances when human dust and ashes are shaken together in one vessel. The democracy on board a ship would be glad if the aristocracy would be labelled, so that it might have the pleasure of knowing that it is associated for a few hours with that element of society which does not "mix."

It is said that a small school boy once told his companions, with great pride, that he knew the Duke of Wellington and had been spoken to by him, but on inquiry it was found that he had got in the way of the Duke's horse, and been told by him "to get out of the way." What pleasure dukes and marquises and earls would give to many of their fellow creatures if they would only travel with their coronets upon their heads. The little people would be tilting at them all the way, and laugh for the moment if the coronet fell off, and would give their fingers to touch it as it fell into the sea, and would talk of it ever after to their friends. Verily, a steamship is like the world over. We pretend to despise the things we cannot get until we think that we might share them. A wise democracy will always preserve the aristocracy.

But look here! Who in the world is this! A little wizened old lady, and two maids, with rugs and shawls. It is her first appearance on deck, and captain, passengers, servants, all make way. Mrs Pluto, of Fifth Avenue, New York, is returning,

having heard of the sudden death of her husband. He had died immensely rich, but once he was a poor newspaper boy, then office boy in a bank, then cashier, then lost sight of, then a railroad man, and then Mr Pluto, the much esteemed, honourable and admirable man—and now??? All the world worships wealth. Everyone sympathised with poor Mrs Pluto on her great loss. She accepts the homage, but she hated him, and she only loved his money. His friend touches Lord F. on the arm — “Now there’s your chance; lady, money, and all.” “Ahem,” said Lord F., “I’m not so sure about the lady, but I should like the money.”

Democracy courts aristocracy, and aristocracy courts plutocracy.

Those are the vanities of life in this world. The stern realities are to be found in poverty and suffering, unvarnished and ungilded — sometimes in the saloon, but always in the steerage. Look at that poor woman with seven children. Her husband, too, is lately dead. She loved him truly, and nursed him six months without rest, and then he died, leaving her nothing but seven children. She is going to America and has spent all her money in order to get to the land where the emigrant agent, who received her last savings, has told her that all are rich and all are free, and poor boys who sell newspapers become millionaires, and poor peddlers become Presidents. The poor, faithful wife and trustful mother, who has done her duty to God and man, little knows how that rich American lady would simply say, “She had no right to have so many children;” perhaps proud of the awful sin by which so many have none.

Three of the children ran up to me and said, “Give us another lesson.” I sent them to call together all the other children and sat down among them and told them in their own language the story of Adam and Eve.

And so each morning my satchel was filled with tobacco for the men, and we had lessons for the little children, with the old children standing around; and at night singing and sermon down below, and I, the poor Mission Priest, was the happiest man on board.

(To be continued)

A Visit to Korea

SOON after my arrival in Japan in the winter of 1935, the Father Provincial told me that Bishop Cecil had asked for me to go to Korea in September to conduct the annual retreat for the English priests of the Korean Mission. I had, therefore, several months of anticipation of a visit to a country and work to which I was once appointed back in 1923, but was not to reach until twelve years later.

Unfortunately, two later engagements that came up necessitated cutting down the time I could spend in Korea. I was consequently unable to visit, as I had hoped to do, any of the country stations where the Fathers of our Society had lived and worked in the years they were in Korea. I saw only Seoul and the magnificent cathedral which is to be the center of life for the future great Church of Korea. Although not yet completed, it is already a splendid building, worthy of its name and future usefulness, and said to be the finest ecclesiastical structure East of Suez. I can well believe it. I shall never forget my first impression of it at the beginning of the retreat,—the great nave in darkness, the choir softly lighted by a score of candles, the high altar vested in red for the morrow's Mass of the Holy Spirit, the mosaic in the half-dome faintly visible in the flickering candle-light. It was perfect.

Although much larger than the needs of the present congregation, the cathedral is constantly used. Every Sunday there are services in Korean, Japanese and English, for three distinct congregations. I was reminded of the various groups—Anglo-Saxons, Negroes, Armenians and Syrians—using the Church of the Advent in San Francisco. Though congregations are now small, there is no sense of being lost in a vast empty space; rather, the spaciousness gives the reassuring effect of a definite promise of the throng that some day will fill the courts of the Lord's House. That day will not be long in coming if Christians at home will strengthen the hands of those on the battle line by prayer and sacrifice and almsgiving. In many missions work has had to be abandoned for lack of support. Not so in Korea, however! Yet opportunities for new work

cannot now be accepted for lack of means and men. It is a pity, for—with the possible exception of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa—I should say that Corea is the outstanding example of thoroughly Catholic missionary work of the Anglican Church.

I felt at home at once, for I was welcomed as I would have been twelve years ago. It was easy to conduct a retreat for clergy to whom it was an annual affair. The sense of brotherhood, the unity of aim and purpose, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was wonderfully real and reassuring. The anxieties and unrest of the Western world were revealed as ugly unrealities in the Christian and Oriental peacefulness of prayer and sacrifice. The spirit of this world is of course there, too. Selfishness and its consequences are everywhere present; but it is my experience that the horrible sense of brooding devilish forces is less palpable here than among the sophisticated wickednesses of Western civilization. "The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked; but now he commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent." I think the response to the invitation to repent and believe the Gospel will be more general in the Orient than in America and Europe in our generation.

After the retreat for the sisters of the Community of St Peter, which followed the priests' retreat, I was the guest of the Bishop on a four days' holiday in the Diamond Mountains. This famous region lies near the east coast of Corea, a little northeast of Seoul. It has been compared to the Yosemite in California. It is something like the Yosemite in that within a restricted area there are many natural beauties of mountain and stream; but the general effect is quite different. To me it is much more comparable to the White Mountains of New Hampshire in the vicinity of Mount Washington. The scale is much the same. Biroho, the highest peak, is about the height of Washington. Not having undergone the glacial violence that has smoothed and flattened the White Mountains, the Kongo San is more rugged and sharper in outline. But it is on a more human and less gigantic scale than California. What

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endeared Kongo San to me more than anything else was the autumn coloring. The season was not far enough advanced for the enjoyment of its full glory; but, inasmuch as it was the first time in twelve years that I had experienced autumn, I was not disposed to be critical. In the morning of my last day there, I climbed Bogundai (about 5,200 feet). The topmost rock is shaped like a saddle. As I sat astride, it seemed as if I were on Pegasus poised for a moment above the valleys and mountains to enjoy the scene below me. The slope of the ravine beside me looked as if the forest were on fire. The maples were like vivid flames where sparks had fallen on dry and abundant fuel.

However much the natural scenery of Kongo San might remind me of New England, the evidences of human habitation were vastly different. About eight hundred years ago the rapid rise of Buddhism to popularity and power in Corea aroused the suspicion and jealousy of the ruling sovereign. Complete suppression seemed too dangerous to attempt, but he secured his end by decreeing the banishment of monks and temples from the cities. To this day there are no temples in Corean cities, and usually only small ones outside the city limits. The Kongo San had always been a Buddhist center from the first establishment of that religion in the country, but in the twelfth century it became literally the stronghold of the faith. Practically uninhabited, except for monks and nuns, Buddhism there remained alive—though decadent,—while elsewhere in Corea it almost ceased to exist. Now, under Japanese influence, a revival of interest and activity is taking place. In the old temples and monasteries of Kongo San (now much fewer in number than in earlier centuries) there is renewed life. One interesting feature of the revival is the increased use of the facilities of the monasteries for private retreats.

KENNETH A. VIAL, S.S.J.E.

Everett Titcomb

ON the first Sunday in November, twenty-five years ago, Everett Titcomb became the organist and choirmaster of the Society's Church of St John the Evangelist in Bowdoin Street, Boston. On November 3rd last, the Sunday within the Octave of All Saints, a large congregation gathered at St John's for the High Mass in honour of Mr Titcomb's silver jubilee. On the same evening, a reception was held in his honour in the schoolroom of the church and a purse of money was presented in recognition of his long and distinguished service.

Only those who have prayed through the Christian year at St John's can really appreciate the splendid work done by Mr Titcomb and the choir. If the choir has a motto it is "The Church's own music, sung in the Church's own way." A noted authority on Church music has recently declared that "Nowhere else in New England is the plainchant so beautifully sung. Each season has its own proper music." Nor is the music confined to plainchant, for many *a capella* works of the great masters of the sixteenth century—Victoria, Morales, and Palestrina,—as well as more modern compositions, are studied and sung. Several polyphonic Masses of Mr Titcomb's own composition and a number of his liturgical motets are not only in the regular repertory of St John's choir, but are used in many other well-known choirs in this country. Such, for instance, is his Whitsuntide motet, "I will not leave you comfortless," which is scheduled for performance at the Festival of English Church Music with a choir of four thousand voices at the Crystal Palace in London next summer. It is said that this will be the first time the work of an American composer has been given at these festivals, which are conducted bi-annually, by Dr Sidney Nicholson, formerly the choirmaster of Westminster Abbey.

We congratulate Mr Titcomb on his silver jubilee and wish him many more years with us in his devoted service to the Church and our Society.

Community Notes

THE Father Superior, after a month's visit to the Pacific Province of the Society in the early autumn, returned to the Mother House in October. He has since then filled many outside engagements, among them an address to the Young People's Fellowship of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church, Boston, on "Our Prison Problem;" an address to the Unitarian Ministry of Greater Boston on the subject of "Mysticism;" and a talk to a group of young women in Portland, Maine, on the spiritual and social work to be done through prison workers and probation and parole officers. He also conducted a retreat for associates of the Sisters of St Margaret at Utica, New York, in November.



MISSIONS have been conducted this autumn by Fathers of the Society in Cuba, Canostota, Belmont, and Baldwinsville, New York.



FATHER Hoffman spent the week of November 17th at the College of Preachers in Washington as a member of a sub-commission of the Forward Movement. This sub-commission was entrusted with the planning of the Forward Movement literature for the next eighteen months. Father Hoffman was elected chairman of the Committee on "Guides" (formerly known as tracts). The committee has taken in hand the production of a series of such Guides, the first six of which will appear on Ash Wednesday.



FATHER Hoffman also spent the week of December 9th at the College of Preachers, where the Most Reverend William Temple, Archbishop of York, delivered a series of lectures on preaching.



AT the Mother House, we had the pleasure of a visit from Father Dale, the Superior of the Province of the Pacific, during November. He was called home in order to consult with the Father Superior and our architects about the plans for the new chapel and other buildings to be erected in Cambridge in the course of the next year.

OTHER visitors at the Mother House this autumn have been the Bishop of Colorado and the Right Reverend Hugh Embling of the English Church. Bishop Embling, at one time Bishop in Corea and more recently engaged in some special work in India, is on his way home to England, where he will be assigned some new work by the Archbishop of Canterbury.



THE winter retreat of the Society was held at the Mother House in Cambridge with the Father Superior as conductor.



ON St Thomas' Day, December 21st, the Reverend Francis Wharton Weida, was clothed as a novice of the Society.



YOUR prayers are asked for two candidates for profession who are now in retreat and, God willing, will soon make their life vows in holy religion. They are Father Richard Morley of the Canadian Province and Father William Eckman.

NEW YORK

AMONG recent visitors at St Mary's House we have had our good friend, the Bishop of Haiti. Bishop Carson assisted ceremonially at High Mass one Sunday and gave the congregation a fascinating account of the missionary work in Haiti.



ANOTHER close friend to visit us is Bishop Jenkins of the Missionary District of Nevada. We had the joy and privilege of several weeks' association with him while he was assisting in the Diocese of New Jersey and also speaking at various places in connection with the Field Department of the National Council. Bishop Jenkins gave a thrilling talk about his own missionary field at a meeting of the Guild of St Mary of the Cross. Many years ago, Father Field, S.S.J.E., preached a mission for Dr Jenkins, then rector at Fremont, Ohio.



FATHER Parker, O.H.C. has also given us the happiness of an extended visit. As Prior of St Andrew's School, near Sewanee,

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Tennessee, he is giving many addresses about that well-known missionary and educational center. It happens that Father Parker was a senior at Nashotah House during the year that our Society had charge of the collegiate department there and also of some of the courses in the theological school itself. Father Parker's visit helps to continue the close association between St Mary's and the Order of the Holy Cross. Father Huntington was so often with us, worshipping here and serving also in so many other ways. Father Parker addressed the St Mary's branch of the Woman's Auxiliary.



FATHER Williams was in attendance at the College of Preachers in Washington, D. C., from December 9th to 13th, in connection with the conference conducted by the Archbishop of York.



It was a great happiness to us and to his many friends at St Mary's to have Father Dale with us again over the patronal festival. Father Dale was the celebrant at the High Mass on Sunday, December 8th.



THE Church Mission of Help held its annual service in the Cathedral of St John the Divine on the afternoon of December 8th, and it was made the occasion of a memorial service to the founder of the society, Father Huntington of Holy Cross. Bishop Manning, in a brief address, spoke in a touching way of Father Huntington's life and influence in the Church. The sermon was preached by the present Superior of the Order of the Holy Cross, the Reverend Father Hughson. Representatives of a number of other religious communities were observed in the large congregation which filled the Cathedral. Our own Society was represented by Father Williams and Father Dale.



It is significant of the decline of prejudice against the monastic life in the American Church that the Cathedral in New York has a bay of its nave dedicated to the Religious Life and that the beautiful new stained glass window in the bay contains representations of Father Benson and Father Huntington.

BRACEBRIDGE

FATHER Serson spent the month of September in Washington and New York collecting material and working on a biography of Bishop Inglis, the first Canadian Bishop. He is collaborating on this work with Chancellor Harris of the Diocese of Nova Scotia. +

THE Father Provincial and Father Rose have been giving some time to work on the revision of the Canadian Hymnal. +

FATHER Loosemore and Father Thornton accompanied the Father Provincial to the Trinity Alumni Conference in Toronto during September. Father Loosemore was elected Secretary. The Bishop in Kobe was present at the conference, and later gave a day of his short stay in Canada to a visit to Bracebridge. He brought news of the Fathers in Japan and will in turn take news of us to Cowley, where he goes when reaching England. +

THE Father Provincial preached missions in Bala and at Richmond, P. Q. The former place is on the opposite side of Muskoka District to Bracebridge. It was a great pleasure to find that almost everyone there was connected in some way with people in our Missions and that our people had given their Bala friends a good report of the way the Society cares for them. While in Richmond, Father Palmer was able to visit the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and to spend a day with the Divinity Class, giving lectures on rural work. On the way home, he gave a day of retreat for the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Peterborough, Toronto Diocese, in the beautiful country church of Newcastle. +

FATHER Thornton has made a number of visits to his former mission of Elk Lake, now vacant, and has been able in this way to keep the people faithful to their Church. +

THE Divinity Class of Trinity College, Toronto, came up for their third annual retreat this fall. Father Serson conducted it.

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THE annual meeting of the friends of the Society in Toronto was held on November 14th at St Mark's Church, West Toronto, the mother parish of a large part of the city. The Reverend Robert S. Payson is the rector. A service was held in the church, followed by a social time in the hall, during which short addresses were made by members of the Society and by the Sisters both of St Margaret and of St John the Divine. A great quantity of old clothing and Christmas gifts was brought for our poor folk. The three Communities are working together to help the Diocese of Algoma.



THE Father Provincial was one of the representatives of the Diocese at the Provincial Synod in Belleville, at which the important matter of a proper endowment for Algoma was the chief item of business.



A CONSIDERABLE work in printing tracts suitable for Canadian country parishes is going on in our print shop under the direction of Father Loosemore, who has written several of the tracts. They might also be useful in rural parts of the United States. Samples will be sent to any interested persons on application.



THE new log church at Lewisham has been finished and opened. It is called All Saints after their former church, which was taken away from them forty years ago to be made into a stable for the clergyman's horse at Uffington and which was pulled down a few years ago to be built into the Church of the Holy Family at Matthiasville. The log church at St Bartholomew's, Monck, is almost ready to be opened. It will be one of the beauty spots of this part of Muskoka.

SAN FRANCISCO

THE long visit of the Editor in the east in the late autumn greatly delayed the work on this number of COWLEY, and an accumulation of parish duties on his return

to San Francisco has still further retarded its publication. We regret the delay, and apologies are offered to our readers.



At Bishop Jenkins' invitation, Father Dale conducted a retreat for the clergy of the Missionary District of Nevada in October at one of the mission stations, St Philip's-in-the-Desert, Hawthorne. This was followed by another retreat for the deaconesses and women workers of the district.



BROTHER Lawrence has been transferred from the Home Province to the Province of the Pacific and is being very useful to us in the work of our San Francisco house and the Church of the Advent.



THE corner-stone of the new St Cyprian's Mission was laid by the Bishop of California on December 22nd, the Fourth Sunday in Advent, in the presence of a large congregation of the Mission people and friends. An account of the new buildings is promised for the next number of COWLEY.



WE acknowledge with many thanks these further contributions to the building fund of St Cyprian's Mission:

Anon., Roxbury, Mass.....\$	1.00	Iwatsu, O.	\$ 5.00
Anon., San Francisco.....	2.50	Jacobsen, Miss Madelyn...	5.00
Anon., New York City....	500.00	Jenkins, Bishop	5.00
Arnold, Mrs Albert.....	3.00	McCormick, Bishop	1.00
Bishop, Miss Amy.....	1.00	McCune, Rev. W. P.....	25.00
Burns, Miss Dora.....	1.00	Nichols, Mrs. W. F.....	10.00
Donaldson, Miss Martha..	10.00	Petersen, Cuthbert	1.00
Davis, Mrs Laura.....	5.00	Ramsey, Rev. John R., Jr..	25.00
Emery, Dr Claude.....	10.00	Schofield, Mrs	100.00
Erlach Bros.	3.00	Stanton, Mr and Mrs.....	3.00
Fritz, Rev. Charles E.....	5.00	Van Dyke, Miss Eva.....	10.00
Goss, John H.....	10.00	St Cyprian's, San Francisco	113.05

All Saints', San Francisco, Woman's Auxiliary....	\$ 2.00
St Ignatius', New York City, Missionary Society..	50.00
St James' Guild, Paso Robles, Calif.....	5.00
St Mark's, Philadelphia.....	5.00
Trinity, San José, Calif., Woman's Auxiliary.....	5.00

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JAPAN

AN analysis of the first annual report, which as priests of the diocese we made to the Bishop of North Tokyo, shows that during our first year in Japan the various members of the Society have preached or made addresses on sixty-six occasions, conducted seven quiet days and six retreats, and given one mission,—in addition to the work done as chaplains for the Brotherhood of St Andrew at St Paul's University and Middle School and at the summer camp at Yamanaka Lake. Although most of these activities have been in North Tokyo and Tohoku, some work has been done in every diocese of the main island, Honshu, except the Diocese of Osaka. Outside of Japan, we have conducted retreats and done other work in Corea and in the Dioceses of Hankow, Anking and Shanghai in China.



IN August, Father Morse and Father Kimura paid a brief visit to the leper work at Kusatsu, which is the noble fruit of Miss Cornwall-Legh's long and devoted service. Father Morse made an address on the occasion which was later printed in the Kusatsu magazine.



THE cordial reception given to the translation of Father Longridge's *Three Retreats for Lay People* has been most gratifying. The first printing of one thousand copies will, at the present rate, probably be sold out before the beginning of the new year. Twenty or more favourable reviews have appeared in various periodicals, including three of the great daily newspapers of Tokyo. The *Yomiuri Shimbun*, which has a considerable and substantial influence in Tokyo, gave the following notice: "Comparable to the practice of Zen in Buddhism is the Retreat in Christianity. There is, of course, a difference of form and substance. But both alike in retirement and quiet seek by recollection and examination of conscience to build the ideals of faith into the practices of daily life. This newly published excellent book tells in detail how to make such a Retreat. It is the first book published in Japanese in this field by the Christian Church."

About one hundred letters of praise and thanks have been received from individual readers. In them are interesting testimonials to the influence the book exerts. Several persons have been led to make first confessions. Thirty-eight members of the Group Movement in Kyushu bought copies. A Tokyo priest, trained by the C.M.S., uses it for a short meditation every Sunday before Mass. Another C.M.S. priest wrote that after reading the book he realized as never before the unity of spirit of vital Christianity in spite of the superficial differences of so-called High and Low Church. A lay member of the Sei Ko Kwai, one of the foremost astronomers of Japan, wrote enthusiastically of the benefits he had received through its use. Many well-qualified readers bear witness to the excellence of the translation of the book.



DURING December two quiet days for the clergy and workers of the Diocese of North Tokyo were given by invitation of the Bishop,—the one for foreigners by Father Viall, and the one for Japanese by Father Kimura. Father Viall also preached an Advent course of sermons on the Four Last Things at St Andrew's (English) Church in Tokyo.



WE have now been in Musashi Sakai just over a year. We have not done any active missionary or evangelistic work among the people yet, but readers of COWLEY will be interested to know that our presence here has made itself felt. Recently, Father Nuki, a retired priest, built a house and small chapel in Mitaka, the next village, and began to hold services and a Sunday school. About forty are enrolled in the school, and a small congregation has been gathered together. Several have been enrolled as catechumens, among them three persons from our town. It seems likely that two of them are interested through contact with us, for they are two of the delivery boys of the rice shop where we trade and have often been here at our mission house for orders and deliveries. One of them last spring observed one of the Fathers taking his daily sunbath and inquired if that was part of our religious practice. He was

inspired by our example to take sunbaths himself. It would be amusing if it should prove that this was the origin of his interest in Christianity.



MITAKA, by the way, means Three Hawks. The villages round us are much more attractively named than our own. Sakai means Boundary. Mitaka is just east of us. To the north is Tanashi, which means No Ricefield,—a misnomer, for like every Japanese village it is practically surrounded by rice fields. To the west there is a village with the attractive name of Koganei, or Little Golden Wells. The place one might choose for a residence for its name alone is Efukucho, not far from here. It is the City of Eternal Blessedness. What could be better than to have one's address *here and now* in such a heavenly place! However, the name is probably its most attractive asset. The place itself is no doubt quite as earthy as Musashi Sakai.



OUR garden and the lane leading to our mission house from the highway have been brilliant with color in this month of November. The maples have been gloriously beautiful, but now the brilliance departs day by day. Leaves are falling, and the weather is becoming bleak. Sunny days are still warm, but nights and mornings are chilly. Our three stoves are all in commission, and the oil heater joins the choir in chapel in the early morning hours for Lauds and Prime and Mass.

Notices of Books

THE HOLY CROSS. Some Ideals of the Spiritual Life. By Karl Tiedemann, O.H.C. (*Milwaukee: Morehouse, 1935.*) Cloth. Pp. 100. \$1.

THIS little devotional book has merit above the ordinary. In it Father Tiedemann offers shrewd counsel to those who would advance in the spiritual life. He brings home to us the nearness of God and His ever-watchful charge over us, and indicates what we must do to achieve union with Him. He teaches that it is very important for one to coöperate in the plan that God has for each one as an individual. He emphasizes the value of a rule, and warns us against some of the hazards that await us. Best of all, he makes piety attractive as he discourses on the Trinity, worship, and the cardinal and theological virtues. Here indeed is a manual that should be of distinct service to aspiring Christian souls.

W. T.

A SAINT IN THE SLAVE TRADE. By Arnold Lunn. (*New York: Sheed & Ward, 1935.*) Pp. 256. \$2.50.

HERE is a splendid biography of one of the most amazing saints that ever lived. Yet this book is not biography merely; rather, it is biography plus apologetic. For in writing about St Peter Claver, the Spanish Jesuit priest who toiled in Cartagena for thirty-eight years in the service of the negro slaves, Mr Lunn takes the opportunity to discuss asceticism, Catholic sanctity, Catholic humanism, modern humanitarianism, and the history of the Church's attitude toward slavery. With a clear understanding of the non-Catholic's habit of thought in religious matters, he investigates pain, happiness, pity, obedience in the religious life, miracles, and physical squeamishness, and comes to conclusions that are both Catholic and alluring. His wide range of quotation and reference, his delicious humor, his perspicacity, his easy-running style, and his openness and honesty in argument—all combine in the present instance to produce a work of rare charm and helpfulness. Through it all shines the stupendous figure of the saint—a little man in person—who was on fire with love of God and hence with love of the malodorous, disease-ridden negroes to whom he consecrated his life by a vow. *A Saint in the Slave Trade* gives worthy expression to an exalted subject.

W. T.

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THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. Edited by Arnold Pinchard. (*Milwaukee: Morehouse, 1934.*) Paper. Pp. 77. 40 cents.

HERE are collected five articles, formerly published in the *Church Union Gazette*, on the Religious Life and what it should mean to members of the Anglican Communion. In a preface, the editor calls attention to the fact that the observance of the centenary of the Oxford Movement in 1933 seems to have brought little increase in the strength or number of religious communities in the Church; and he believes this is to be explained by a general ignorance among Anglicans as to the import, purpose, and activity of monastic institutions. It is intended that these papers shall have a share in dispelling that ignorance. Both the active religious life and the contemplative are discussed—Father Trenholme, S.S.J.E., writes of the active life—and one of the papers treats of religious vocation. The little book will undoubtedly interest laymen, but it is especially suited to the clergy, who will find in it ammunition for spreading a knowledge of what is a very vital element in the life of the Church.

W. T.

THE FATE OF MAN IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Nicholas Berdyaev. Translated by Donald A. Lowrie. (*Milwaukee: Morehouse, 1935.*) Pp. 120. \$1.25.

THE author of this book regards it as a sequel to his book, *The End of Our Time*, written about eleven years ago. In the present volume he stresses anew the crisis character of the civilization of our day; examines the social forces that are imperiling mankind and that are even now damaging human personality and extinguishing true freedom; and points us the way—it is the Christian way—to a happy issue out of our chaos. It should be noted, however, that M. Berdyaev is regrettably vague on the constructive side. What he appears to champion—and to look for—is some form of Christian socialism which shall be the product of a transfigured Christianity. Nevertheless, with the eye of a prophet, he sees that many evil things are descending and will descend on the world before that consummation; and it is in his analysis of these things that the value of this study chiefly lies. Man, he fears, is already a slave to state, society, race, class, and nation, and is confronted with the threat of no freedom for creative thought or spiritual life. Capitalism, communism, fascism, dictatorship, social-

ism, and demagogy, not to mention economism, orthodox democracy, and modern technics—these influences vitiate the soul of man, level down his culture, dehumanize him. And, continues the author, Christianity must also shoulder part of the responsibility for man's plight, for in economics it has too often upheld the *status quo*, and in religion it has too often idealized a false asceticism which may be branded religious nihilism. When exception has been taken to M. Berdyaev's unworthy appraisal of Thomism and to one or two other items, it is easy to recommend this survey as an important aid to the understanding of a crucial moment in the world's history.

W. T.

DOSTOIEVSKY. By Nicholas Berdyaev. Translated by Donald Attwater. (New York: Sheed & Ward, 1934.) Pp. 227. \$2.

THE well-known author of this series of interpretative essays tells us that Dostoevsky has been a decisive and constructive influence in his life. M. Berdyaev, therefore, not only by virtue of his critical acumen, but also by virtue of a spiritual affinity that he possesses with Dostoevsky, may be presumed to distinguish himself as an uncommonly fine analyst and exponent of the great Russian novelist. And so, in fact, he does. Having declared at the outset that his purpose is not to write biography, literary criticism, or psychological commentary, but to show the spiritual side of Dostoevsky, the author plunges into such questions as freedom, evil, love, socialism, Russia, and Christ and anti-Christ; he draws out the novelist's ideas skillfully, injects unobtrusively a few of his own *en passant*, and points out both the weaknesses and the strength in the thought of his subject. Dostoevsky's pre-occupation with the profundities of the human soul, his dynamism, his apocalyptic strain, the morality that lightens his tragedy, his dialectic of liberty, his passionate proclamation of Christ and immortality, his attitude toward the Church of Rome and toward the Orthodox Church, his significance to Russia and to the realm of intellect, are subjects amply covered in this volume by M. Berdyaev, who is always subtle, if sometimes over-abstract for the general reader. In an early page he says that Westerners turn to Dostoevsky "both for a general revelation about the problems that beset them and a particular revelation about that strange puzzling thing, the Russian world of the East."

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One is glad that in this book of M. Berdyaev's, as well as in Dostoievsky, something of each sort of revelation may be found.

W. T.

A DRAUGHT OUTPOURED. An Anthology of Anglican Verse. Edited by Portia Martin. (*Milwaukee: Morehouse, 1934.*) Boards. Pp. 142. \$1.50.

THE one hundred poems in this volume have appeared in *The Living Church* in the period 1924-1934. Virtually all of them Catholic in theme, they make on the whole pleasant and sometimes inspirational reading. To be sure, only a very few of them are of compelling merit, and one could wish that a larger number of them possessed that masculine quality which saves pious verse from treacly ineptitude. But to point out the high lights, the late Thomas S. Jones is represented by half a dozen carefully turned sonnets, the late Marguerite Wilson by a poem addressed to Jacob Boehme and a fine lyric entitled "Not from the Doomed Soul," the Reverend John Rathbone Oliver by an exquisite Christmas carol, Mrs Katherine Burton by a charming little piece called "Caritas," and Miss Portia Martin, the compiler of the anthology, by a poem entitled "Cathedral Christmas." These poems and a few others make the book worth recommending.

W. T.

THE GROUPS MOVEMENT. By the Most Reverend John A. Richardson, Archbishop of Fredericton, Canada. (*Milwaukee: Morehouse, 1935.*) Paper. Pp. 82. 75 cents.

ARCHBISHOP Richardson, of Fredericton, Canada, has written a thoughtful critique of the Groups Movement. No doubt, many will feel that his value as a critic is impaired by the fact that he has never personally attended a meeting of the Groups. He feels, however, that this gives his opinion a certain objectivity and detachment, and he has certainly taken great pains to consult all available literature and to correspond with those who have first-hand knowledge of the Groups activities. The conclusion he comes to is that, although we must commend the enthusiasm and missionary zeal of members of the Groups Movement, we cannot as Churchmen give our unqualified support.

W. M. V. H., JR.

OUTFITTING FOR SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE. By Floyd Van Keuren, D.D. (*Milwaukee: Morehouse, 1935.*) Pp. 266. \$1.75.

THERE is a great deal of common sense in this guide to marriage. Most of the relevant facts are faced frankly and one or two useful books are suggested to cover the physiological basis of marriage in more detail. The book is chiefly valuable for its broad point of view and its wholesome, encouraging tone, which holds fast to the Church's ideal for Holy Matrimony.

W. M. V. H., JR.

Books Received

The Mystical Body of Christ. By Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D. New York, Sheed & Ward; pp. 404; \$2.50.

The Orthodox Church. By Sergius Bulgakov. New York and Milwaukee, Morehouse Publishing Company; pp. 224; \$3.50.

A History of the American Episcopal Church. By William W. Manross. New York and Milwaukee, Morehouse; pp. 404; \$2.75.

The Divine Commission. A Sketch of Church History. By the Right Reverend Frank E. Wislon, S.T.D. New York and Milwaukee; pp. 296; cloth, \$1.25; paper, 85 cents.

The Life and Work of Jesus Christ Our Lord. By the Reverend T. W. Harris. Second edition, illustrated. New York and Milwaukee, Morehouse; pp. 192; cloth, \$1.75; paper, \$1.25.

After Confirmation, What? By Bishop Thomas F. Davies. New York and Milwaukee, Morehouse; pp. 123; paper, 35 cents.

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Reminiscences of a Parish Priest. By Archibald Campbell Knowles. New York and Milwaukee, Morehouse; pp. 212; \$2.50.

Winning Moment. By Virginia E. Huntington. New York and Milwaukee, Morehouse; pp. 92; \$1.75.

The Living Church Annual. The Year Book of the Episcopal Church, 1936. New York and Milwaukee, Morehouse; pp. 672; cloth, \$1.75; paper, \$1.40.

The Desk Kalendar with Lectionary for 1936. New York and Milwaukee, Morehouse; pp. 32; 25 cents.

The Fellowship of St John

THE Fellowship has for its object the binding into one association of work and prayer those who, while they give of their substance and their energy for the furtherance of the life and work of the Society of St John the Evangelist, desire to have their part in the prayers and other good works that are offered in the Society to Almighty God. The Fellowship is open to the laity, both men and women. The obligations are very simple, consisting mainly of daily prayer for the Society and its works; a regular annual contribution to the Society; and the reception of Holy Communion, with intention for the Society, on the patronal feast of St John *ante Portam Latinam* (May 6), or within the octave.

Further information may be obtained from the Warden-General of the Fellowship, the REVEREND FATHER DALE, S.S.J.E., 162 Hickory Street, San Francisco, California, or from the Fathers at any local House of the Society.

Associates S.S.J.E.

PRIESTS, and such laymen as desire to keep a rule of stricter obligations than that of the Fellowship, are admitted as Associates of the Society of St John the Evangelist, after a short period of probation. The particulars of membership may be obtained upon application to the REVEREND FATHER SUPERIOR, S.S.J.E., 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass., or to any Provincial Superior of the Society.

Requirements for Postulants

1. We require that those who come to test their vocations with us should bring a baptismal certificate and, in the case of laymen, two references from parish clergy.
2. They must be of sound health, and, if required, be able to furnish a certificate signed by a medical man.
3. They must be free from engagements of debt or marriage.

"As many as receive the Word of God become the sons of God by participation of His grace. It is on this grace of the divine call that we must rely for the accomplishment of any work that we undertake. No one,

Therefore, can be eligible into our Society unless there be sufficient evidence that he has received a call from God to this life and work; nor is anyone to be rejected because some one particular gift may be wanting in him. God is abundantly able to supply every defect in those to whom His Word comes." *The Rule of Life, Ch. I.*

Those who come to test their vocations in the Religious Life must expect to perform cheerfully whatever duties are assigned to them, to be exercised in bearing all kinds of humiliations and to be trained to live simply with the desire of the glory of God. Obedience, humility and fervour in prayer are the certain signs for which we look in every true vocation to the consecrated Life of the Evangelical Counsels.

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The Cable Address of the Society in America is: EVANGELIST, BOSTON.

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